

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

"Kate Shelley, a young girl of fifteen years, who on that terrible night of July 6, 1881, walked five miles, crossing in the darkness, and storm a long, dangerous bridge, to warn the night express on the Chicago & North-Western railway of a wrecked train."

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Through the whirl of wind and water, parted
By the rushing steel,
Flashed the white glare of the head-light, flew
The swift-revolving wheel,
As the midnight train swept onward, bearing
On its iron wings,
Through the gloom of night and tempest,
Freightage of most precious things.

Little children by their mothers' nestle in un-
broken repose,
Stirred men are dreaming softly of their
homestead's finished quest;
While the men who watch and guard them
sleepless stand at post and brake,
Close the throttle, draw the lever safe for
wife and sweetheart's sake.

Sleep and dream, unheeding danger, in the
valley under lies
Death's death in mortal confusion, altar fit for
sacrifice!

Dark and grim the shadows settle where the
hidden peril dwells,
Swift the train, with dear lives laden, rushes
to its deadly fate.

Still they sleep and dream unheeding, Oh,
thou watchful one above!
Save thy people in this hour! save the ran-
omed of thy love!
Send an angel from Thy Heaven who shall
claim the troubled air,
And reveal the powers of evil hidden in the
darkness there.

Saved are yet they know their peril, comes a
warning to alarm;
Saves the precious train is resting on the
 brink of deadly harm,
God has sent his angel to them, brave Kate
Shelley, hero-child!

Struggling on alone, unaided, through that
night of tempest wild!

Brave Kate Shelley, tender maiden, baby
hands with splinters torn,
Saved the lives of sleeping travelers swiftly,
Saves the journey home,
Mothers wept and clasp their darling,
Breathing words of grateful prayer;
Men with faces blanched and fearful thanked
God for Kate Shelley there.

Greater love than this hath no man; when the
Heaven's shut, and
And the Judgment books are opened, there
in characters of gold,
Brave Kate Shelley's name shall center, 'mid
the stars, the brave and good,
That of one who crowned with glory her he-
roic deed of heroism!

—Miss M. C. Dwyer, in Detroit Post and Tribune.

THE LAWYER'S "DIAGNOSIS."

"Did you ever hear, Dick, that I had
turned physician, had developed a good
practice, and seriously thought of en-
dowing a hospital?"

These words were spoken by an emi-
nent lawyer to an intimate friend of the
same profession as they were enjoying
after-dinner cigars and relating mutual
experiences.

"Why no. I've heard, at rare inter-
vals, of the preacher practicing, but
never anything so good of the lawyer.
How is it?"

"Do you remember Hardwood?"

"Julius Hardwood, of college days?"

"The same."

"That dear, sensitive soul who knew
nothing outside of books, but everything
inside from Egyptian hieroglyphics to
the laws of heredity, from the world
in embryo to the prospective millen-
nium?"

"The very same."

"Good, tell me about him. I hadn't
heard a word of him in years."

"Settle back then, Dick, and take it
easy. 'Tis a long story and a romantic
one."

"I was sitting in my office one day,
scowling over a mass of evidence in as
muddy a case as you can well imagine,
when a rather well-dressed stranger
came in, and seeing me occupied, seat-
ed himself quietly in the farthest corner
of the room."

"Blast him!" was my mental ejacu-
lation. He wore the clerical habit and
looked solemn. I was neither in the mood
for gloomy consolation, nor in the mood
for throwing up my hands to keep the
spirited ship from sinking. I studied his
profile, and saw that it indicated the
lawyer's natural energy. "If a man
smile thee on one cheek turn to him
the other also," sort of man, so I
delivered away and paid no apparent
attention to him."

He was so motionless and statue-like
as he sat there that I fell to studying
him, when at length he turned slowly
about and bent his gaze full upon me.
A slow glimmering of recollection
dawned upon me, and the next moment
I had thrown down document and deci-
sion, had cleared the floor at two strides
and grasped him by both hands.

"Judas! as sure as I live!" (You
remember the pseudonym we gave him,
by virtue, I suppose, of its complete
contrast with his character?)

"Why on earth didn't you speak, and
not sit there like a block? How are you?
How are wife and children? When did
you arrive?"

My hoisterous greeting fairly took
away his breath, but he soon gained it,
and answered each question separately,
laughing about wife and children, for
he was a bachelor. A gleam of genu-
ine gladness lighted up his pale face.

"I thought you must have forgotten
these days, John, and I was more than
ever convinced of it when you main-
tained such reserve," he said, quietly.

"Goodness, man," who could recog-
nize Julius Hardwood's boy face thro'
all that troublous blackness of must-
ache and beard? But they became you,
Judas, and, on you, scarcely look un-
clerical. Off with overcoat and wraps,
man."

"I fear you are very busy," he said,
glancing rather timidly at my piled-up
table, but looking a wish to remain.

"No, no. You may take a book till I
get thro' with a small matter, then we
will go home together. You must meet
my good wife and see my various olive
branches."

"I should like to see them, John, in-
deed, but I am a recluse. Really, you'll
have to excuse me."

"Delmonico's, then."

"No, I thank you; I beg pardon, my
dear brother, I have something on my
mind. I have a few days to spend in
the city, and can take your most leisure
time; but I really wish a little private
talk with you on a subject that concerns
me deeply."

"Can it possibly be a lawsuit?" I
asked myself. "Some one has made him
believe that he has been guilty of en-

croachment on another's rights, for he
would never act except in the defensive.
He would give away all but his soul for
the sake of peace."

"I am quite at liberty now," I said,
thrusting my papers into a drawer,
with a sigh of relief, and pulling a chair
up close to his side.

"Go on, Julius, I should really like
to be of some service to you, my dear
fellow," I said, but seeing him look so
terribly down about the matter, I at-
tacked him by a little rally as a reas-
suring process.

"Have you been 'borrowing' ser-
mons?"

"No."

"Buying a few votes for President?"

"Oh, no."

"Freezing on your neighbor's melon
patch?"

"Do, John, enter into the spirit of
my trouble, for I assure you it is a real
one."

I began in my turn to look sober.
Ignorance of the world's ways is quite
as often as knavery the source of trouble
to an unsuspecting person. What had
he been led to do?

"Well!"

I had to recall his mind once or twice
from apparent wool-gathering.

"I fear, John, I really fear that I
have fallen in love with another man's
wife."

"Heavens and earth!"

I started to my feet and walked to-
ward the window to cool a convul-
sion of laughter, not at the outcome,
which might, of course, be bad enough,
but that he, of all men, should have be-
come the victim. The incongruity of
the thing was dreadful.

"I knew you would regard it in its
true light, John, and I honor you for it.
I can not help remarking the contrast
between you and H—, the only other
friend I have spoken with on the sub-
ject. Would you believe it, he did
nothing but laugh, and say he hoped
next to hear of an elopement. Think
of that to me, a minister of the Gospel,
trying to see light and do right. How
could I gather any spiritual strength
from him? You have proved yourself
true, as you always were."

I felt guilty ashamed of myself for
laughing, and kept my countenance
preternaturally grave during the rest of
the interview. I saw he had dwelt on
the subject until his mind had become
morbid, and he could think of nothing
else.

I addressed him by the old name with
some reference to a scene of our early
life together, in order to keep his mind
in a more cheerful mood.

He broke into a sort of November
smile, and said:

"That name, John, sounds so much
like old, merry times that I have almost
forgotten how wretchedly I felt when I
came to you. You were always so rollick-
ing and jolly. You do not change, I see.
As for me, I have seen cloudy, dark
days since then."

"No doubt, no doubt. Well, January
makes us prize June, and dark clouds
the bright sunshine. I've had to face
some pretty tough hills myself, but it
was the delectable mountains at the top,
Julius, and so it may prove at length
with you."

As I studied the expression of his eye,
I discovered an unrest and lack of re-
pose not characteristic of the earlier days
of our acquaintance. I was even pre-
pared for some slight mental aberration
when he said:

"I fear, John, that I have committed
a great sin."

"Unconsciously, then," I said, "for
I would be willing to wager my best
pony you have never done anything
wrong consciously in all your life."

"You mistake. You always thought
of me better than I deserved."

"Was it an injury to any one but
yourself?"

"I am not sure. Indirectly, it has
been, for it has hampered me in my
work."

"It must be a desperate case," I said
this without thought, and without a very
genuine feeling of sympathy for the
wrong, but he replied at once.

"Yes, I knew you would so regard it;
your conscience is not seared."

I took another stride across the floor
as a sedative, for I knew he was inno-
cent, and then came and stood before
him.

"You know I am a lawyer."

"Yes, and a counselor. I come to
you for counsel," he said gravely.

"You may, in the first place, have to
submit to a little cross questioning."

"I am willing to answer all ques-
tions."

"What is the lady's name?"

"Mrs. Julia Gettenbergh."

"Where did you meet her?"

"She was one of my parishioners.
In fact, I boarded with her for a few
months. She kept a very few select
boarders."

"Were you acquainted with her hus-
band?"

"Oh, no, never saw him. He was
not at home. None of us ever spoke to
her of him. We recognized a silence on
her part and respected it."

"Is she aware of your sentiments?"

"Oh, no, I left the house and went
elsewhere as soon as I discovered them."

"Is she good looking?"

"Very. Here is one of my wrong
acts. I have kept her photograph. I
presume it is one of the temptations
of Satan, but I could not resist keeping
this memento."

He then took an old-fashioned locket
from the pocket of his vest, and spring-
ing it open passed it over to me. He
had cut down the photograph and in-
serted it.

"Why, she is decidedly plain."

"How can you say that?" he ques-
tioned. "Did you ever see such eyes?"

I confessed that there was truth and
candor and a suggestion of soul about
the face that I had overlooked.

"And you say that she does not know
your sentiments regarding her?" I
queried.

"That is what I said, but I shall give
you the facts. While there I had an
attack of malignant fever. To make a
long story short, I owe much more to
her care for my recovery than to either
doctor or nurse. One incident occurred
at the time of my convalescence which I
look back to as almost a declaration of
sentiments, but her good sense and
modesty led her to take no notice of it
whatever. As is usually the case after
fevers, I had a ravenous appetite but
was limited to certain articles of diet.

The nurse would have brought me the
unvarying standard articles at intermin-
able intervals, but this perfect woman
came with her dainty covered tray, and
fed me with her weakness with delicacies
which her own hands had prepared."

"It was during one of these times
that you revealed in plain words your
attachment to her?"

"(O, no, no, John. There was no
words spoken."

"Then you personified Dick Swiveler
and the marchioness?"

"Exactly."

He seemed grateful to me for relieving
him from the confession in plain
English.

"You grasped her disengaged hand
and between each dainty spoonful kissed
it, after your illustrious example, Dick
Swiveler?"

"Only once, John; only once."

I began to walk the floor again in
desperation. His long face was almost
too much for my gravity.

"How did she receive this mark of
esteem?"

"Just as any modest woman might,
under the circumstances, as if it meant
nothing at all but gratitude; yet I ob-
served that she came less freely after
that, and when I grew strong enough I
left the house and made a home for the
time being with my sister."

"And this is all you have ever ex-
pressed to her?"

"All right, all right. Yet I realize that I am
always looking for her in her pew at
church. If she is absent or ill I am
unhappy, and here am I, preaching to
others, telling them the sublime truth of
our blessed religion, yet going about
with this secret in my heart. I have come
to make a proposal to you, John. Allow
me a seat in your office and I shall study
the principles of the law, and leave the
ministry."

"Study the law of divorce, do you
mean?"

"Oh, dear, no; how you mistake me!
I should be away from the place then
and might overcome it. I should make
rather a poor lawyer, I fear, but I could
at least write for you."

"My dear fellow," I said, throwing
an arm about him, "let me sum up your
case. You have always had an over-
scrupulous and over-sensitive con-
science. This has magnified your real
and longable friendly liking into an
unlawful love. You have dwelt upon
the subject until it has assumed morbid
proportions to you. You have positively
done no wrong, but have been brave
and noble and true. Your difficulty is
not specially cardiac; a change of scene
and good living would entirely over-
come it."

"But suppose, John, I have no de-
sire to overcome it; suppose it gives me
a secret pleasure; suppose I grow hun-
gry for words in her praise, and that
every time I chance to see her in per-
son, it does me good like a medicine."

"Only another symptom that it is not
mortal. It is nothing but a disease,
which change of scene and climate will
rectify. Let me prescribe for you, Ju-
lius. Do not leave the ministry. Your
gifts shine there. My wife and I have
made arrangements to go to Europe for
the season. We start in May, and
spend the summer in Italy. You shall
be one of the company if you will.
Charles goes." (It was about time I
threw out a little ballast, you see, for
the shortcomings of my youth stood out
rather prominently in the white light of
his extreme conscientiousness.) "Go
with us, Julius, and see if you don't
come back a well man."

He grasped my hand with all the old
time fervor, said he would think of it,
and the result was the sequel to my
story.

I went home that evening, Dick, in a
mood to appreciate my blessings, and
to pray most fervently for all bachelors.
Never did wife appear more beautiful
or children more to be beloved, as I
thought of the solitariness of Hard-
wood's life, its purity and sweetness,
of the paradise of truth this world would
be were all endowed with his exquisite
sensitiveness of conscience.

I thought to interest my wife in him
by telling her his story, before I told
her of the invitation I had given him,
and here it is for that purpose the first
thing I wrote alone. But as I came,
in the order of narration, to the name
of the lady in question, she started from
her chair and flashed upon me such a
look of surprise that I stopped immedi-
ately for an explanation.

"John!"

"Do you remember Julia Scott?"

"I do."

"She married one by the name of Get-
tenbergh while you were in Leipzig."

"You never told me. What became
of her then?"

"He only lived about six months.
You know what a lovely girl she was?"

"Yes."

"Strong and self-reliant, too."

"She loved all that."

"It would be just like her to take
some such way as that to earn her
living. She has rich relatives here in
New York, but I would be willing to
wager she was too independent to live
with any of them, but sought out that
place and kept boarders. I had lost
track of her, but I'm just as sure of her
identity with that Julia Gettenbergh as
if I saw her this minute."

"Perhaps she married again, but
how could her name be the same?"

"John!"—A long pause.

"Well?"

"With your leave I shall take the
train for R— to-morrow. You won't
mind my being away a day, will you,
dear?" I shall unravel the mystery. It
would be just like her to keep her board-
ers a secret from us all."

So my true-hearted girl sought and
found our old friend, for it proved that
her conjectures were right, and the
simple facts of her story are as follows:

MRS. JULIA GETTENBERGH'S STORY
(ABBREVIATED.)

"I had no time to weep over my loss,
for poverty or life-long dependence
stared me in the face. I had been a
teacher, you know, but all positions
were filled. I could not use my needle
to advantage, sewing was distasteful to
me. I resolved to go to R— and
keep a model boarding house."

"I must admit that I never experi-
enced the annoyances that people in this
position profess to find. My servants
were good, I made it a point of being
good to them; my boarders were gen-

tleman, without exception. I will admit
also that as a financial scheme it was a
failure. I never learned to scribble. I
always bought the best of everything.
My table was always snowy clean, if
not elegant. In the absence of silver I
graced it with flowers. I took pride in
all its appointments. I said nothing
about my past history. Gradually I
learned that the boarders thought my
husband absent, that I was only doing
my part toward earning a mutual home
in the future. They were very delicate
about the subject, never questioning me,
and for some reason I took no pains to
undecipher them. Only in one instance
did I regret the false impression. The
clergyman of our parish was one of the
guests of our house. I never knew such
a man in my life. He would rather
study than eat his dinner. I have known
him frequently to do without a meal
rather than leave his books. I used to
pity the good man, and usually at such
times of intense study I would send one
of the servants up to his room with a
lunch of fruit or cake, and he always
remembered it afterward by such a
pleased look and quiet "I thank you for
that," you would think he had never
known what it was to have a kind word.
He was very ill at the time and recov-
ered very slowly. During his convales-
cence I used to hurry to get through my
morning work in order to read to him,
for I knew that he must miss his books
more than anything else, and the Doc-
tor had forbidden him to look into one.
Many a book I read through in this way.
I believe the pleasure he had in these
books held him down to this earth, for
he was so good he seemed ready to go
straight to Heaven."

"But with very little explanation he
left my house and went elsewhere just
as soon as he grew better. I have al-
ways thought it was because he found
out that I was acting a deceptive part.
I think he must have lost confidence in
me. I wished so much to explain it to
him, but he certainly avoids me. He
meets me now and then; always so
gravelly and sweetly kind, as if he pitied
and yet reproved me. I would give any-
thing in the world to have him under-
stand that I did not mean any wrong,
but I can never talk to him as I used.
There is a constraint between us that I
can not understand."

This is the substance of what my dear
girl told me when she returned from her
expedition.

"And what do you think, husband, I
did?" she asked seating herself on the
arm of my chair and looking round into
my face with eyes in which tears and
smiles blended.

"I couldn't guess."

"I invited her to throw up her busi-
ness and go abroad with us next sum-
mer and I would pay all expenses."

"My darling, did you do that?"

"Yes, and she has consented."

"Spin, spin, Clotho, spin,"
said I, rising and shaking hands with an
imaginary Clotho in the air.

"The duties of fate are at work for
them, my love; you and I are only the
instruments!"

"Keep cool, John dear," was my
wife's amiable response, as she snatched
our youngest from the floor, where he
was in danger of being stumbled over
in my absent-minded and studious walk.
"There's many a slip," you know, "be-
tween the cup and the lip."

Passing over the intervening months,
our first picture shall be photographed
from the deck of the Cunard steamer
R—, in the month of May, 1880. We
are grouped about in various attitudes,
my wife and Mrs. Julia engaged in close
conversation about some piece of femi-
nine handiwork, when my friend ap-
pears on deck for the first time. He
had persistently kept his berth, more, I
thought, from despondency than from
the effect of the *mal de mer*. We were
three days out. Mrs. Julia knew that
he was on board, for my wife had told
her in a casual, indifferent way while
naming over company, concealing, as
women know how, any intent, under the
innocent words:

"Rev. Julius Hardwood was a college
chum of my husband's. He makes one
of our party. You must meet him."

But I had not dared as yet to reveal
to him my treachery. He had not seen
her.

He was sauntering along in his medi-
tative way past the groups of people,
when stopping to say "good morning"
to my wife in one of his rounds, his
eyes fell upon her companion, who arose
with some timidity to greet him.

It was a hard ordeal, but he displayed
remarkable self-possession. I felt proud
of him.

Had she not been quite preoccupied
with the thought of his imagined dis-
pleasure she could not have failed to see
that it was no common interest he felt for
her, but hers was one of those charis-
matically unselfish natures that never sup-
pose the elements of attractiveness to be
inherent in themselves.

After a very short conversation he
disappeared. I found him a few
moments afterward below, whither I
had followed him.

"How could you do this, John?"

"Do what?"

"Bring us together again after I had
almost fought it out of my heart! The
battle all has to be begun again. I have
found that my first thought was positive
delight for two weeks of unavoidable
companionship, but how is life to be
made endurable after that?"

I told him then how it had all hap-
pened; how she had turned out to be an
old friend, and had been invited to join
our company.

"Then that accounts for her speaking
to me at all," he groaned. "I had
observed before I left home, of late, that
she had tried to avoid me, and here I
am forced upon her against my will, and
against hers certainly." This he said
bitterly, turning a little away from me.
"See here, Judas," I said, taking him
by the shoulders and turning him fair
about, "begging your ministerial par-
don, you are not fit to live. Why can
you not be like other people—"

Horror struck, he turned upon me.
He would not have been so scandalized
had he waited to hear the end of my
sentence.

"Do you forget my duty and her own
to her husband?" he asked, angrily.

"Did you ever see her husband?" I
asked, meekly.

"No; but what difference does that
make? Should I be less true to my
brother whom I have seen than to him
whom I have not seen?"

"Who ever told you that she possessed
that appendage called a husband?"

He looked into my eyes, and his own
began to dilate.

"They said—"

"Who said?" The idea had never
entered his monk's cowl to question the
truth of "They said."

I had the pleasure of telling him then
her history, from beginning to end, and
of watching the changes of his expres-
sive face, and when I ended my story
by the words:

"And, Julius, it is my opinion, from
various observations, that you are the
one man of all the world whom she re-
gards with esteem and—perhaps love."

What did the dear boy do but fall on
his knees then and there, dragging me
along with him, and "thank the Lord."
I never felt quite so near Heaven in all
of my life before.

"Now, see here, old fellow," I said,
with the tears in my eyes, as we arose,
for you know I always liked to tease
him, "you are all wrong. You have
thanked the wrong party. You ought
to thank me."

"Our lives are in His hand," he
said, with solemn gladness; but, never-
theless, he threw an arm about my neck
and gave me a brother's embrace.

There was a wedding in Liverpool, a
delightful summer of travel, a winter of
pleasant interchange of visits, and now,
Dick, I invite you, on my good wife's
motion, to dine with us to-morrow and
meet one old friend of college days—a
transformed man.—(N. Y. Herald.)

Dealing with House-Moths.

A correspondent anxiously inquires if
there is any possible means of driving
moths out of the house. She has tried
pepper, black and cayenne, tar-paper,
spirits of turpentine, insect powder, to-
bacco, Scotch snuff, alum and borax
pulverized together, and kerosene. And
although she takes up her carpets once
a year, and some of them twice, "still,"
she adds, mournfully, "moths are the
master."

Having tried so formidable an array
of offensive and defensive prescriptions,
the failure of our correspondent to get
rid of her destructive foes is hard to ac-
count for, especially if she has applied
them with the perseverance and vigor
her letter seems to indicate. Nor are
we able to say, in answer to her inquiry,
why it is that some houses are regularly
invaded by them, while in others they
are rarely if ever found—unless, indeed,
it be that in the latter case unusual vigi-
lance is exercised at the proper time to
prevent their multiplication in the
house.

In dealing with the common house-
moth—of which there are three or four
varieties, but all with similar charac-
teristics—the first effort should be directed
to preventing them from laying their
eggs in the house. It is a good plan in
early spring to fill up the cracks under
the base-board, and in the floor for a
foot or two from the base-board, if any
exist, with some kind of cement. This
closes up the favorite hiding-places of
the carpet-moth. Then if a liberal
sprinkling of almost any of the pre-
ventives named by our correspondent is ap-
plied all around the room, and the cor-
ners and folds of the carpets are care-
fully searched before relaying, it is hard-
ly possible that any damage can be done
by these little pests.

For the preservation of winter cloth-
ing, blankets, furs, &c., nothing is better
than wrapping them carefully in thick
brown paper, or in bags made from sev-
eral thicknesses of newspaper, printers'
ink being one of the most effectual pro-
tections against moths. But in putting
these articles away, they should be
looked all over, and brushed and shaken
with the utmost care before folding, in
order to get rid of any possible moth-
eggs. As an additional precaution,
some persons put gum-camphor, toba-
cco, insect powder, or other insecticide,
in with the clothing; but if the articles
are thoroughly examined before putting
away, and the packages carefully se-
cured by pasting or double folding, this
is unnecessary.

Where the moths have been unusually
troublesome, it may be necessary to re-
sort to the extreme measure of fumiga-
ting the room or closet, or even the whole
house, with sulphur. It is a disagree-
able process, but thorough, and possibly
our distressed correspondent, having tried
all ordinary methods, might find this at
last effectual.—(Enquirer and Chronicle.)

Is Anything Fit to Eat?

From the objections that are made to
one after another of the commonest ar-
ticles of diet, it would appear that there
is among us a number of base persons
who are conspiring to make trade for
grave-diggers. There is not a single
dish in common use but is soundly
abused by some one; bread is said to be
worthless because it lacks the gluten of
the wheat, butter is said to be the cause
of biliousness, salt thickens the blood
and makes the user cross, milk softens
the muscles and bones, beefsteak con-
tains prussic acid, mutton is unfit to eat
unless it has been kept so long that it is
unfit to smell, pork makes trichinae, fish
thins the blood, tomatoes produce can-
cer, berries sour on the stomach, the
coats of which are ruined by rhubarb
stalks in pie or sauce; green peas pro-
duce boils, and the dreary list might be
extended indefinitely. Between all these
calamities and death by starvation there
is not much choice, unless one prefers
to prolong a miserable existence by
using some of the alleged foods that are
put up in bottles with attractive labels.
Yet somehow people go on eating all
these dreadful things and living, and
when any particular food product fails
and another is substituted the health of
the public does not seem to suffer by
the change. If the people who buy fami-
ly stores will pay less attention to talk
about the healthfulness of various ar-
ticles of food and more attention to such
methods of cooking as will make food
most palatable and easy of digestion,
there need be very little fear of the nat-
ural quality of the rough materials
brought to the cook. It is the dry,
tough steak, the leathery slices of fried
ham, the underdone vegetables and
overdone meats, the greasy pies and
heavy cake that play the mischief with
the American digestion, health and tem-
per.—N. Y. Herald.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The screenings of hard coal are now
mixed with a small amount of fine soft
coal and coal tar and pressed into pieces
about the size of eggs. In this form
they kindle easier than ordinary hard
coal, and are preferred for burning in
an open grate.

—The New York Tribune reports that
the use of the electric light makes a
wonderful difference in the temperature
of its composing-room on summer
nights. Formerly, when gas was used,
it was extremely hot, though very high
up, so that it had the benefit of all the
breezes. Now it is cool and comforta-
ble.

—A large soda-ash manufactory is to
be located in Galena, N. Y. It will be
the only one of the kind in the United
States, and when completed will con-
sume 100 tons of coal daily. A building
will be erected this fall, 800 feet in
length, which will furnish employment
to about 300 men. When all the build-
ings proposed are erected, 1,000 men
will be employed.

—An important and hitherto unknown
treasure by Copernicus, on the move-
ments of the celestial bodies, has been
discovered in the archives of the astro-
nomical observatory at Stockholm. This
treasure is said to fill a valuable place
among the writings of the great astron-
omer. There is no doubt as to its genu-
ineness, and it is soon to be printed
and given to the world.

—Meteorologists have discovered that
storms usually advance from the Upper
Mississippi Valley toward New York
and New England. American storm
centers most frequently pass off north-
westward and fifty degrees north lati-
tude. The great waves of high barom-
eter with northwest winds advance
toward Virginia and North Carolina
more frequently than toward New Eng-
land.

—A road locomotive constructed for
war purposes was recently tried in the
Arsenal of Count Molok, and several
others. The machine drew five guns
with carriages and complete outfit, and
the load amounted to 800 cwt. The
journey lasted for three hours and a half.
The locomotive weighs 675 cwt., and
is able to draw 300,000 pounds. The
expense of running is about forty cents
an hour, and the speed attained is equal
to that of a troop of infantry, but can
be much increased.

—Broom-corn is likely at no distant
day to revolutionize the breadstuff sup-
ply of the world. A process has been
discovered by which the finest and most
delicious flour can be made from the
seed to the extent of one-half its weight,
and leave the other half a valuable food
for making beef and milk. The aver-
age yield per acre is three hundred
bushels, and in many instances five hun-
dred bushels, or thirty thousand
pounds, have been secured. Nor does
it exhaust the soil, as Indian corn, from
the fact that it feeds from the deeper
soil and assimilates its food from a
cruder state. It belongs to the same
genus as the sweet corn, commonly
known as the sorghum, which as an
article of food is growing rapidly in
public esteem, and from the seed of
which a most nutritious flour can be
obtained.

PITH AND POINT.

—Can a mosquito be called a full-
blooded animal?—Puck.

—A man is never so selfish that he
will not stand by his friend—at the bar.
—N. O. Picayune.

—There is less humility in the world,
and more need of it, than any other of
the virtues.—J. B. Williams.

—Man is the picture, his clothes the
frame. The frame is often worth more
than the picture.—Boston Transcript.

—It is safe for women, it is said, to
use toy pistols, for they are never
known to have lockjaw.—Elmira Adver-
tiser.

—When a person makes it hot for
you, there is consolation in the fact that
a coolness is apt to follow.—Yonkers
Statesman.

—A very small boy can get outside of
a very large watermelon in a very small
space of time; but it takes a very large
doctor to harmonize the two.—Rochester
Democrat.

—The country churches, nowadays,
are thrown in which direction.
By the country looks all started at.
The lot of the summer boarder.
—Out City Derrick.

—When the railroad fare from Chicago
to New York is reduced to \$3, and
they throw in sleeping-cars, meals, good
reading matter, and a fair supply of
California fruits, some of us poor chaps
can manage to squeeze in a week at
Coney Island.—Detroit Free Press.

—Billy Googahelmier, you are too
stupid to sit with the rest of the boys.
Come up here and sit alongside of me,"
was the remark of an Austin teacher.
One of the boys in a distant corner
whispered to another boy, and they
laughed, whereupon the teacher called:
"Don't you imagine I can't hear what
you say? My ears are long enough to
reach clear across this room." Then
the boys did laugh.—Texas Siftings.

Value of Railroads.

Over ordinary earth roads, wheat will
bear transportation for a distance of
only 250 miles, when its value is \$1.50
per bushel at the market. Indian corn
will bear transportation only 125 miles,
when its value is 75 cents per bushel.
When grown at greater distances from
market, these products, without rail-
roads, have no commercial or exporta-
ble value. The railroads, by transport-
ing at one-twentieth the cost over earth
roads, give a marketable value to wheat
grown 6,000 miles inland; so Indian
corn grown 3,000 miles inland. Beyond
a certain limit, consequently, these
works are the sole inducement to the
production of these staples, in an
amount greater than that necessary for
consumption by the producer. Rail-
roads are as much the condition of their
production as the ship is for the pro-
duction of wool in Australia. The effect
of cheap production is well illustrated
in the extraordinary increase in the pro-
duction of wheat and corn in the West-
ern States, and the corresponding im-
pulse given to the construction of rail-
roads, the increased mileage of which
has only kept pace with that of other
industries.—Poor's Railway Manual for
1881.